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"MADAME DE STAEL HOLSTEIN."

THE relative natural strength of male and female intellect affords no uncommon topic of conversational discussion. It is readily granted on all sides that man does in reality now possess the greater strength and depth of mind; but whether this be not the result of the present constitution of society, of education? This is the question. We think not, entirely! All nature, experience and analogy would lead us to conclude that

"For contemplation, he, and valour formed,  
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace."

It is but reasonable to infer that he who formed "his fair large front and eye sublime," should with this gross external have given a mind of sterner, deeper kind; and that he who fashioned woman, should also have breathed into that model of exquisite delicacy, grace and loveliness, the *soul* of intellect. Yes, all that is most beautiful, delicate and refined of mind or body is hers; but her own peculiar heritage is the *heart*: with her sorrow may take up its abode, pity dwells, and sympathy may find a resting place. All the finer feelings nestle in her bosom, she ministers at the altar of love, and hers alone is the "broken heart."

Looking down the scale of existence from man to the inhabitant of the dew-drop, the one great fact which stands ever predominant is, that nature has allotted to each a peculiar sphere of action, and given capacities and instincts wherewith to play their parts; and while we can but observe that she has appointed to those "God-like erect" who head the scale different parts in the great drama, yet

we glory that she has made them mutually dependent for success; that though she has made man "Lord of creation," she has placed him "under woman's control," that while it is man's part to wield the rod of justice, it is woman's to temper it with mercy; that while it is man's part with the strong arm and "linked armour of the soul," to launch forth upon the great ocean of life, braving its storms and grappling with its waves, it is woman's to stand upon the shore and cheer him in his struggles, to greet his every success with the voice of joy and gladness; and if wrecked upon some hidden rock, or sinking amid the angry waters, it is then her far more noble, holy part to stretch forth the helping hand, to whisper words of sympathy and hope, and thus raise the drooping soul. This is nature's doings, and an attempt to thwart her plans by treading other than the path marked out, must ever appear as ludicrous and disgusting as it is unnatural. The ass which would have played the part of the lap-dog excites not so great contempt as attaches to the terms 'effeminate man' and 'masculine woman.' True numberless instances occur in which necessity compels woman to play man's part, but though the scene be changed, our applause can never be joined unless the character be woman's still.

Let us select as an example one who considered as a woman is a monster, as a queen who has received far more than her meed of praise. The "Elizabethan age," regarded as an era in the history of intellect and letters, is indeed a golden age, an immortal age; but if it be designed to express that she is the great sun which sheds the glory and lustre, it contains a falsehood almost as gross as is conveyed by "Good queen Bess." She does indeed occupy the highest and most conspicuous position, but her light is borrowed. While we acknowledge her masculine mind and strong talents, the respect they demand is swallowed up in the disgust for the woman. Though her foreign and domestic policy, and the political consequences of her government excite our admiration, yet if we reflect upon the character of her who governed we can but deal out our praises with reluctance.

It is a Shakspeare, a Bacon, a Raleigh, a Spencer, who give the age its true unfading renown. A Luther, Cervantes, Tasso, and others immortal, already lived; it was

truly "an age of greatness." The mind was bursting from its prison-house, and fortunately needed not her puny aid. Genius is a hardy plant, and lives not in the smiles of courts, and now while we pluck its fruit, we must needs notice the proud rank weed whose cold shade would have checked its growth. Intellect found not a patron in Elizabeth, save as it might prove subservient to her interests, or feed her pride; hers was not the hand to give relief to genius begging bread. It was not the *cloak* of intellect that introduced a Raleigh to her notice; and even he who tickled her vanity in such strains as might well have charmed a "Faerie Queene" was suffered to sink into the poor man's grave. A Shakspeare was honoured by a command to represent Falstaff in love; and Bacon knew her favour only as one who could further her interests by the most servile obedience to every whim, and basely turn the pen of ingratitude against his patron and friend. Hers was not the reign of gentleness and mercy, but amid the clamour of the passions, offended pride, envy, jealousy, crying for their victims, even stern justice dared not raise its voice unless aided by the whispers of mean avarice: and if pity, sympathy and sorrow, were hers, they mingled not with the blood of the guiltless. But notwithstanding all this, we in vain endeavour to admire her talents by forgetting she was a woman; for though a stranger to woman's virtue, she was the veriest slave to all her petty foibles and weakest follies; we cannot banish the ludicrous idea which attaches to the dried up thing of sixty smiling to hear she is yet a "Nymph" or a "Venus." But, if we would burn with indignation at her follies and vices, let us go to Westminster Abbey, and having found her resting place, turn to the abode of murdered innocence—Mary her victim.

Such is woman playing a part which nature designed not, and in the contest losing whatever entitled her to the name; who, having abandoned all that excites our love, forfeits likewise the respect her talents should command.

With what different feelings do we regard Maria Theresa presenting to her subjects an infant son, and making her appeal with woman's loveliness bathed in woman's tears. These were more eloquent than the tongue of Elizabeth, more potent than even her despotic commands. The

rough man's heart burst with enthusiasm, while the heavens were rent with the unanimous shout, "we will die for Maria Theresa and her children." But it has been remarked with somewhat of truth, "that it was not her fault but rather her misfortune that she was placed in a situation where the most sacred duties of her sex became merely secondary." And indeed history affords scarce an example of woman at the helm of state whose finer feelings have not been eventually swallowed up in the vortex of power, interest, and ambition.

Since, then, analogy and experience would serve to convince us that nature has drawn the line of distinction between male and female intellect, and allotted to woman a peculiar sphere of action with qualities adapted thereto; and since any abandonment of those peculiar qualities throws her from that exalted position in the scale of being wherein alone she is entitled to our adoration, it would seem woman's sacred duty as studiously to shun whatever may deaden or decrease, as to cultivate whatever may purify and refine those holy feelings and affections over which nature has appointed her sole guardian; to shun all contact with the "struggle and bustle of the world," to cultivate in the highest degree that intellect which alone can give delicacy and tone to sentiment. Founded on such opinions is the distinction which, in a great measure, is justly made between male and female education; to which doubtless *more* than to nature is due the difference in intellect, and it is in confirmation of this that we hail with peculiar interest the works of such a mental Amazon as De Stael: of whom we will briefly speak, having mentioned that our preceding remarks are by no means intended as introductory, but merely made under this head as naturally suggested by the consideration of its more immediate object.

A "too passionate attachment to literature" is mentioned as the peculiar fault of Madame Neckar, and unfortunately her pursuits were of that abstract character which envelops all her labours in obscurity. The fault ascribed to the mother was inherited by the child, though she has avoided the metaphysical extremes which attended it. Connected with strong natural talent, and the education received from her mother, is a circumstance which peculiarly qualified

Madame De Stael as a Philosopher. She lived in the days of a Robespierre, when reason crouched to passion, and wrestled in vain with enthusiasm. The relations too in which her father stood to the changing government during the French Revolution, necessarily increased her interest in scenes which afforded such food for thought as books knew not of, for of such it "had not entered into the heart of man to conceive."

Madame De Stael, according to her own definition, is certainly a genius, as her writings continually manifest "good sense intent upon new ideas." In all her studies she appears to have kept ever before her the mind, the mind in its widest sense, including all of intellect, feeling, passion, and with it, in all its different forms, changes, degrees, connexions, circumstances, she appears to have been thoroughly acquainted. She seems to have traced its progress from the infancy of society to its temporary dissolution in her own time, as developed in individuals and nations; the reciprocal influence of mind, government in all its forms, science, literature; the respective combinations of the feelings and passions among themselves; and their connexions with external objects. Thus discussing the mind in its connexion with objects of a more tangible character, her style has naturally taken that medium stand, which avoids on the one hand the continued play of fancy by which alone the ancients could render palatable their wildest speculations, and on the other that plain dry method of the more modern metaphysicians, who, as they dissect the mind, present its various parts stripped of every ornament of the imagination. Connected with the masculine character of her writings is found in her works such an universal, thorough knowledge of the poets, orators, philosophers of ancient times, that we are more than once compelled to pause, and remember that it was woman's mind that comprehended the vast stores, and woman's hand that penned the mighty thoughts. Nor did she only read, but her's was the mind to "discern the man in the author, the nation in the man;" hers was the mind which delighting in generalization, and sporting with the grandest principles, as a child with its toys, deemed nothing too insignificant as food for thought. While filled with admiration at her facility in examining and developing the state

of society, government, arts, letters, manners, feelings, of ancient times, and then pointing out the mutual bearings, we are continually provoked to find her giving importance to subjects which have frequently knocked for admission to our own thoughts, but deeming them contemptible we opened not. She may perhaps be charged, if not with a fault, at least with one of the characteristics of the sex, of arriving at minor conclusions by other than the tardy method of demonstration; her impetuous genius could not consent to creep with slow and cautious tread, but with one bound leaps upon its prey: she gives the enunciation and leaves the reader to make his own solution. When her metaphysics has facts for its foundation all is clear and elegant; and when at times obscure, it is not the obscurity of affectation, or of vague ideas, and high sounding words; but it is when her genius, breaking loose from the real, mounts up into her own ideal world of passion, of feeling, of mind, and there revels amid shapes which the vulgar eye may not see, and of which words are but contemptible shadows. We rise from her works with views enlarged, and bear away a store of food for future thought. Of her faults as a woman, resulting from the peculiar character of her study, it would not perhaps in accordance with the preceding part of our article be improper to speak; but we are glad the length of our essay excuses the omission of so unenviable a task.

B. C.

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### VESPER.

'Tis the day's last holiest hour!  
 Softly falls the glorious shower  
 Of the sunlight on the lea,  
 Gilding grove and rock and sea;  
 High above the courtier clouds  
 Gather silently in crowds,  
 In their gorgeous array—  
 Round their monarch's sapphire way,  
 And in majesty the sun  
 Draws his royal vestments on—  
 Rainbow-woven fold on fold  
 And a crown of feathery gold  
 Fretted oft with purple gem  
 Is his glittering diadem.

In his march the hours are flying—  
Hours of day,  
And the night winds sweetly sighing  
Murmur over land and sea,  
As they stray,  
Charming into gentle sleep  
Every wavelet of the deep—  
Tired of play,—  
With their low sad minstrelsy,  
“Day is dying! day is dying,  
Soft away!”

’Tis the holy vesper-time,  
And the sweet and mingling chime  
Rings the sad and peaceful hour  
From the ivied convent tower;  
Listen! as the varying peal  
Seems o’er hill and vale to steal,  
Listen! as each evening bell  
With its music seems to tell  
To the weary-worn with care  
’Tis the hour of evening prayer;  
List! their song o’er earth is flying  
“Day is dying! day is dying.”

Hark! in yonder minster pile  
Swell there through the marble aisle  
To the measured tread of feet  
Strains of music softly sweet.  
Hark! the solemn organ’s peal  
Now scarce sounding seems to steal,  
On the listening ear like breath  
Fading from the couch of death;  
Rising from a low faint moan  
Now its deeper richer tone  
Through the arches rolls along  
To the holy vesper song.  
Down from painted oriel streaming  
Gorgeously the light is beaming—  
Decking every column old  
With a drapery of gold—  
Laving with its flood of fire  
Vault and altar, nave and choir,  
’Till the vast majestic fane  
Glow with splendour, and the strain  
Of the mellowed music’s notes  
Upward on the zephyr floats.

Now the nun’s low chant is swelling  
Sweetly through the holy dwelling—

“Ora Mater! ora now  
 As thy fainting children bow,  
 Ora! while the fading light  
 Withers from the brow of night;  
 Ora Sancta! now to thee  
 Low thy sad ones bend the knee,  
 Ora! at this holy hour,  
 Ora Mater! in thy power.

Nunc Oremus! with the sun  
 Are our daily labors done,  
 Worn with sorrow and with grief  
 Turn we heavenward for relief;  
 Pity thou our mortal wo—  
 By the anguish thou didst know  
 When thou stoodest by the side  
 Of thy Son, the Crucified!

Saviour! at this hour of even  
 May our follies be forgiven,  
 Christ have mercy! O we pray  
 Mercy at the close of day!  
 Thou who wast the man of scorn,  
 Stricken, hated, and forlorn—  
 Hear us! save us! as we bring  
 Hither now our offering.

By thy cruel thorny crown!  
 By the blood-drops trickling down!  
 By the robe of purple dye!  
 By the reed of mockery!  
 By the blow, the taunt, the jeer!  
 By the nail, the cross, the spear!  
 By thy pallid, blood-dewed brow,  
 Christ have mercy on us now!

Virgin mother! to thy Son,  
 By the work which He hath done,  
 Our petition oh renew—  
 Et pro nobis ora tu!  
 Now from heaven's blue canopy  
 Falls the starlight on the sea,  
 Twilight gathers faint and dim,  
 Sancta Mater! hear our hymn!”

Day is dying, day is dead,  
 Stars have borne him to his bed,  
 And the vesper hymn is said.

CLERUS.



## EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

THEY who contend "that the age calls forth the man" must imagine that the present age calls quite feebly for learned and gifted authors. Judging from the literary taste now almost universally prevalent, and from the class of writers who receive our loudest applause, we would be led to think their opinion right. An age in which a man like Charles Dickens is more flattered and caressed than one of Bulwer's intellect deserves no literature or literary genius to adorn and immortalize it. A comparison between them is impossible, and a contrast becomes ludicrous. The former with little learning save what could be collected from the pages of a newspaper, and an acquaintance with sharpers, the "Work-house" and Newgate; endeavouring to imitate Fielding's style, and laming it most grossly in the attempt—the latter of deep and penetrating thought, the master of a style rich, strong, and original, as the thought it clothes—of a glowing and fertile imagination—the first novelist of any country or any age. There are those, who, disliking the moral character of Bulwer the individual, allow their prejudices to blind them to every excellence of Bulwer the author; who without reading condemn his works on the supposition that from a corrupted mind nothing but corrupt sentiments can spring, and who, if they carried out their principles to its full extent, would pluck the fairest flowers from the tree of knowledge,

"For the trail of the serpent is over them all."

That the moral character of Bulwer is a disgrace to the individual, as a member of an enlightened community, and that his actions in this capacity ought to be condemned by all virtuous men, will not be denied—but that they should set a seal upon his works, and make his living, moving, and burning thoughts a dead letter is not to be expected, or desired. For it is vain to say that from the immorality of the man we can infer the immorality of the writer. Every literary man may have two characters—one by which he is known to the immediate circle of his acquaintance, and the other in which he appears to the world through his works—the one is his every-day appa-

rel, the other his holiday suit, the one may be seamed and patched, the other is without rent or fault. There are unguarded moments of excitement and irritation when all the inmost vices of his soul may be instantly unfolded to those around him. But when he writes for the world he weighs every thought he issues, every inference that he draws—if a hasty expression, or a doubtful sentiment be originated in the impulse of the moment and by the excitement of his feelings, it is afterwards overlooked, “revised and corrected,” and the work comes forth “smiling,” even though its author “be a villain.” Whether Bulwer practices this deception may be matter for conjecture. His works do certainly contain many exalted views, and noble conceptions. No one seems to entertain a higher respect and adoration for the truths and doctrines of the Bible, and when these become his theme his eloquence rises strong, impassioned, and fervent—his feelings gush forth soul-born, and earnest, they seem the deep impressions, which years of thought have ploughed and fixed within his heart; the subject seems to engross and concentrate his every passion, and its truths seem to have incorporated themselves with the very substance of his soul. And as upon all themes of a high order a warmth and ardour of feeling is displayed, it seems more natural to suppose, that his *domestic faults* rather arise from a too vivid imagination and a quick temper, than from any deep and inherent source of evil. If he play the hypocrite most artfully does he act his part, and most conclusively does it prove that the most virtuous sentiments often emanate from the darkest minds, even as the rainbow the most beautiful of the heavenly signs springs from the blackest clouds.

There are others, who granting the many excellencies of Bulwer's sentiments yet from a desire to find some fault think that many of the characters he draws exert an evil influence upon society. They think that such personages as “Job Jonson” invest vice with a certain charm, and allure many not only to laugh at his opinions and admire his adroitness, but entice them to imitate his example, and hence that swarm, who live upon their wits and the community, becomes greatly increased. This gives to the honest Job more influence than he deserves or has. They who pursue this career in life are seldom directed to it by

examples drawn from books ; they are always of the dregs and refuse of society, reared amid all the hardships of want, and the privations of utter poverty ; the bare necessities of life—the food which is to sustain them, the rags in which they are to be clothed, are earned after long and wearisome struggles, if ever earned at all, and it would be folly to think that upon the solitude and dreariness of their hovels ever burst the light of literature. They need no example drawn from the written volume to point out their path or account for their choice. Want, the most powerful and irresistible of all inciters, is the father of their actions, and the strongest argument for their course. Such objections are the mere offspring of envy. To one, who reads Bulwer's works with any other desire than to abuse them, these faults are not apparent. But to the jealous eye every thing is corrupt ; a single vice once discovered is in their view enough to darken a lifetime, and though it be blotted from every other memory in theirs it still lives, shedding its baleful influence over every action of him who possessed it. To their vision Vesuvius still trembles and smokes, the fair gardens of Campania even now lie blighted beneath its lava, and every city of the plain seems a Herculaneum or a Pompeii.

Bulwer's reflections upon events, passions, and characters, constitute one of the highest merits, and greatest beauties of his works. It is in these, as in a mirror, that the image of his mind is painted in its beauty and in its vastness—it is here that his thoughts glow into life, and burst upon us in shapes "more beautiful than the visions of the Carian, or the forms which floated before the eyes of the daughters of Delos." It is here that we would pause, to wonder at the power and grasp of that intellect, which while it adapts itself to the nature of every subject on which it dwells, while it leads us amid "the straws of the maniac," and the rags of the beggar, can lend an interest to those scenes, the very emblems of barrenness—

"Can rear a garden in the desert waste."

AN INVENTION. *By Selara*

The London Journal said some three years since,  
 That if one loves a maid and fain would show it,  
 He need not "speak right out," or kneel and sigh,  
 Or talk blank verse like any crazy poet;  
 Because a short hand way of making love  
 Had been invented by a noted dandy;  
 Who said one day "By all the *stars* above!"  
 He'd found the method most uncommon handy;  
 And this it was,—when you present a maid  
 With any trifle that she may demand;  
 But give it—if you love—with the left hand;  
 If she accept it in the self-same way,  
 Then bless your stars for once, oh, lucky elf;  
 But if she *changes hands*, all I can say,  
 Is that you'd better go, and hang yourself.

Can this be true? By Jove I will be candid,  
 Oh Cupid grant my mistress prove left-handed.

C.

SOCIAL PERFECTION—ITS PROPHETS AND  
PREACHERS.

THAT God has ordained progression in reference to humanity we do most firmly believe. If not let the converse be true, and we are forced to acknowledge that man—man "at whose birth the Almighty hand stood still"—furnishes a mighty anomaly! a stupendous exception to an all-pervading law, that amid a universe in motion all around he stands motionless. In open view of the fact that each one of the organic existences with which earth is replete arrives at the utmost perfection of which it is capable, we are forced to acknowledge that the life of the race is nought but one monotonous, stagnant, Dead-Sea-like sameness. Aside from this unavoidable absurdity to which a denial of our textuary fact thus reduces itself, the actual history of society decisively convicts it of unsoundness. This will be manifest to the most superficial observer by comparing the state of the world at large in any particular age of the Christian era with that of its corresponding opposite age of the anti-christian era. The

transient periods of apparent retrogression, in which the mind of humanity seemed for an instant to reel and stagger in its march, cannot be successfully opposed to the view we have taken. From the finitude of his powers of observation man is not capable of predicating absolutely of any specific era of human history that it contributed nothing to the common stock of the world's ideas, that it ameliorated in no degree the condition of the world's inhabitants. Even of those ten disastrous centuries which intervened between the fall of Rome and that of Constantinople—had we the far-reaching vision of a prophet, and could view that portion of time in all its connection and correspondence with the succeeding ages; and transcending this world could look in for a moment upon that heavenly one where human causes eventuate in their clear, unmistakeable and everlasting effects, we should undoubtedly see that their "partial evil" was "universal good." One glance into that divine Theodicaea hidden in the bosom of God would solve all the enigmas of History.

We come back then to our initial statement that a gradual but unswerving progressive development of man is the ordination of Deity. This is verified by the facts of historical record. Society is the result of man's association in pairs and families. Government is the machinery which Society constructs for its own conservation. As the relations of man to man or family to family vary, the form of Society varies and with that Government. To compare great things with small man might be likened to some of the testaceous animals. As he grows internally, the exterior house which he inhabits, Society and the Government, adapts itself to his new form, and yields to the new pressure. Thus it is by successive degrees of culture that men ascend from a state of nature to the refinements of civilized life; and similarly it is by a slow and regular enlargement of human knowledge, by ever bursting, as it were, from recurrent chrysalis states, that humanity advances age after age through notable epochs and over the ruins of out-grown institutions towards the good of perfection which awaits it in the far hereafter. Every one feels the truth of this in the recesses of his own nature. He is conscious that he lives solely for the future. Placed here on the isthmus of

two eternities, he presses forward and leaves the "dead Past to bury its dead." He bends to the Future. From its fulness and stillness he hears holy voices which summon him onward. A responsive ardour is kindled within his breast, and from the depths of her being, his soul, like the poet's enthusiast, murmurs "Excelsior."

The hope of an ultimate re-elevation to the perfect happiness of the primeval state of man has always lingered along with the race, generally nurtured and brooded upon in quiet, but sometimes giving birth to the most fantastic and singular displays of character. It was the vision of a more blissful day when man actual should be the pure reflection of the archetypal man that inspired the Republic, Utopia, Oceana and Arcadia. Such visions floating before their bewildered and bedazzled eyes have kept in this world a constant, gentle supply of philosophers and fools retailing gospel-gossip and prophetic poetry about Milleniums and Golden ages, when every man shall be rich and free without labour or a ruler. Passing strange is it that the sublime faith and hope which our holy religion inspires of a spiritual re-generation of mankind should ever beget fanatics in the church and anarchists in society. We have pious reformers who are ever looking upward for the first falling spark which shall kindle the old primeval globe into flames. We have others who propose to effect a social reform by abolishing all those hoary relics of a pupillage state of society—marriage, the church, right of property—and proclaiming indifferentism for piety, unrestraint for wedlock, and community for ownership. We have also Illuminati of different degrees of enlightenment, and called by different names, who regard Government as a let and hindrance to the enjoyments of natural liberty, and would therefore from a spirit of cosmopolitan benevolence remove this burden from the shoulders of men, and send them forth to the gratification of their wildest desires, as free from the authority of law as the birds that wing the air, with no God but Nature, themselves being priests. Each one of these prophets and preachers of a new moral millenium has his sovereign panacea for all the ills that Society is heir to. He detects the exact locality of the disease, and displays his remedy, which he pronounces to be just the thing to accomplish a cure. Away in the dim distance on the bor-

ders of cloud-land he thinks he sees a Canaan flowing with wine and milk, and promises to lead us thereunto. There can be no mistake about the whole matter, for he has it all on paper, with accurate calculations to the minutest item. Nothing can possibly prevent an instantaneous birth-anew of human society. He sees no difficulty because of the fact that "we're all rogues by nature." He will command every sinful prompting to rest, and petrify the little wicked fibres of our body, as if by waving over them the charming rod of Comus, bathed in enchantments, drugs and mildew. If he be a Fourierite he will promise you that neither ambition, pride, nor selfishness shall enter Satan-like their Paradisaic Community; but that man under the benign influence of "Association and Attractive Industry" shall fulfil his destiny on earth—that is, level its mountains, fill up its valleys and cultivate its desert places; yea, as a crowning triumph—

"Tear the rainbow from the sky,  
And tie both ends together."

We have spoken perhaps too lightly of these golden dreams and frost-work states of society, for after all, regarding solely the principle at bottom, we hail them as indications of a better order of things, as morning flushes, which chase the twilight and forerun the day. The great idea which this new movement seeks to embody we welcome, but when human perfection is made a matter of merchantable calculation and minute detail as a joint stock concern, when its price is computed in federal currency, and we are shown drafts of the very buildings to be inhabited by trial-specimens of perfect humanity, we are disposed to turn away and say with honest Horatio, "'twere to consider too curiously to consider so." Nevertheless some philosophy can be extracted from these maps and schemes of a new social state. They indicate the tendency of the public mind, its disaffection of the present frame of things, and earnest yearning for something more fair, more lovely and more perfect. These struggling aspirations of spirit, these corruscations, so to speak, of the divinity within, will doubtless never be fully realized until

"The human kindles to the holy,  
And into spirit soars the clay,"

But their unceasing effort to embody and actualize them—



selves in society will necessarily mend and improve its present organization.

One great error of these heralds of a new dispensation, is that they promise to do too much. Hence men very naturally infer they are quacks, just as they pronounce him an impostor who for a shilling per box vends pills which he warrants to impart long life. Virgil, after having described the wonderful social and natural transformations which would attend the birth of his Pollio, had sufficient knowledge of man to add

*"Pauca tamen suberunt priscae vestigia fraudis."*

Our reformers are not so wise; and until they abandon their dreamful attempts to cleanse the world of *all* evil, the reaction which zeal without wisdom ever produces will prevent the accomplishment of their purposes. Their deluded followers finding the result has not corresponded to their extravagant anticipations will abandon the Quixotic undertaking in despair, satisfied that like Ixion they had embraced a cloud for a goddess.

Another error of our golden age gossellers is a strong tendency to exaggerate the evils of the present constitution of society, and overlook the advances already made. What man has already done for the bettering of his condition; the subjection to which he has reduced the elements around him, the wonderful perfection of his mechanical contrivances, wherewith water, air, the lightning of heaven, and all material resistance is overcome; the boldness with which he has penetrated to the innermost and holiest shrine of the vast temple of nature, and wrung from her reluctant oracles revelations of her profoundest secrets; these all are passed by, unhonored with even a complimentary nod. Is our race after all the toils and struggles, the prayers and martyrdoms of three-score centuries yet swaddled in infancy that it needs the nursing care of some Weishaupt, Fourier, or Owen? Two hundred years ago, good Richard Hooker had occasion to say, "we all make complaint of the iniquity of our times; not unjustly, for the days are evil. But compare them with those times wherein there were no civil societies; with those times wherein there was no manner of public regiment established; with those times wherein there were not above eight righteous persons living on the face of the earth, and



we have surely good cause to think that God hath blessed us exceedingly, and has made us behold most happy days."

We cannot prepare ourselves for the future by obliterating the past, but by improving upon it, amending its errors, and lending a credent ear to all its lessons. Our theorists seem to forget that mankind have made magnificent progress in days past. Truth and Error have contended in the presence of men and angels, like Satan and the mighty Archangel. The echo of the conflict, sometimes, through the lapse of ages has reached our own ears. We should venerate the seers and sages of old, whose souls were the sanctuaries of truth, when she had no altars on the world's high-places, and whose ears were ever open to catch the faintest inspiration of her inspiring voice. Thank God that humanity has its heroes who have not valued their lives at a "pin's fee" when great truths were to be proclaimed—when tyrants were to be plucked by the beard—when man's freedom and nobility were to be asserted in the face of all that mocketh or maketh a lie. They pined in dungeons and bled on scaffolds, not for themselves alone—that were merely an ennobled selfishness—but for the whole brotherhood of men. They now rest from their labours; let each successive generation as it marches along in the solemn procession of life, like the Hebrew tribes in the passage of Jordan, turn aside and place a stone upon their graves, for an everlasting memorial. Away then with the rhapsodists of social perfection who would steep the past in Lethæan oblivion, and point out any means of improvement other than a gradual expansion, rectification and actualization of the truths it teaches.

Another hallucination of our modern reasoners is the vain notion which subtends all their proposals, that the work of regeneration can be done in the twinkling of an eye, at least as soon as their plan shall be universally adopted. *Tunc redeunt Saturnia regna*. Then, say they, shall man be uplifted from the abasement of the fall—then shall the divine and evil wills within be harmonized—then shall the scenes and songs of heaven open on his eyes and ears, and upon earth the "graces and the hours in dance lead on eternal spring." Would these aeronauts descend to solid ground

and consult the sober records of history they would see this truth blazing all over its pages—that social reforms when general are rarely instantaneous, but result from the slow percolation of some new truth through the social mass. If they believe in Revelation and have hearkened to its teachings they should know that human life is a probation, and that moral evil will obtain in this world until the Apocalyptic angel, “having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain” come down from heaven to shut up and bind and seal the adversary of God, and all good men.

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#### PROGRESSION.

We are progressive. Whether this tendency be from the Right to the Wrong, from Truth to Error, is not here to be discussed. So generally diffused throughout, and so plainly evident in the moral world is this onward principle, that it needs no Gallileo to demonstrate our motion. That the distance of the advance from the ancient manners and condition of mankind has been in proportion to the time past in advancing, is to casual observers most manifest in the Arts and Sciences. There is however an equal, if not a greater change, apparent in the decay of the Ideal and in the rise of the Real. This is fully illustrated in our present stage of progress. To say that this is an utilitarian age were but to reiterate a trite remark, the truth of which is everywhere visible. Use, rather than beauty, is now the required quality of articles claiming to be marketable. The question is not so much as to symmetry, as it is to strength: not so much to brilliancy, as it is to durability. The lovely though impracticable, has given place to the practicable although unlovely: and the attraction of an object lies not so much in its external appearance as in its internal use. It was the manner of old to sacrifice to the country's gods with but little partiality; but since then things have materially changed: instead now of heaping the altars of Jove with gifts, the multitude throng the fane of the god Mammon, not for the purpose of offering, but

for that of receiving gifts. The joyous revelry of Bacchus has given room for the stern, enduring sacrifices to Fortune: the flower wreathed Thyrsus yields to the ever-revolving wheel; and the clank of goblets to the clear ring of gold and silver. The Corinthian order of architecture now crumbles into dust, and from its ruins arises the plain, strong Egyptian. The Real and Ideal dissimilar in their origin, are as dissimilar in their continuous workings. Utterly unlike in their nature and principles they are antagonists, although combining like the Material and Immaterial to constitute a Universe, and Mind and Matter to form a living body. Reality existed first; sensations of the Real were the first experienced by us, and many hours elapsed before we were conscious of the dawning of that mental day whose light increases forever. As the Real, the Utilitarian principle was thus from the first predominant, it has since kept, is keeping, and will increasingly continue to keep its predominance in the sense which is here meant. Mythology, that mind-begotten Idealism was opposed to the truth of the Spiritual World, inasmuch as it was an extravagance pervading the unenlightened past, and consisting of beings and attributes, having no existence save in the minds of those imagining them. This colossal phantasm now lives only in song; but it was once the object of the world's worship. Then the Ideal flourished, while the Real, deemed unworthy the study of sages, filled the mind of the unlearned alone. The orators, those men whose delight it was to deal in the soul-stirring Ideal, bore down, when their interest demanded it, by the mere force of their imaginative eloquence the strongest barriers of the plainly real and right. They well knew the overaweing influence of this mighty auxiliary, and they used it successfully in exciting, often even to tempest, the slumbering passions of their auditors. The Poets with minds overflowing with ideality and with truth, called in the language of the day inspired, who only existed when replete with the imagined fury of an imagined deity, these with swelling strains advocated the Ideal. Nor should the wild vagaries of the Philosophic dreamers be forgotten, all joining to smite down with the lightning, the sparkling lightning evoked from the heaven of their idealism, the lowly, though often obstinate Real. But these days have in good part past.

The Real, permanent at its birth, permanent now, has dilated in its footsteps. Not so its entrancing opposite Philosophies, whose aim was to inculcate a settled scorn of earth-born realities, have had their day, giving place to those whose end is to improve the external as well as the internal state of Man. The despised Real, personified by ultra-intellectual Schoolmen, as a rude country boor, is arising in importance and strength. The silvery, but veiling mists of bygone days are melting away under the influence of Christianity, whose increasing power must eventually annihilate their illusions. Man's use of Fiction diminishes as he progresses. In the onward strides of the last few centuries he has left myriads of gods behind; plants, bulls and serpents, divested of their divinity, being now mere vegetables, cattle and reptiles. Utilitarianism is supplanting its tinsel opposite. Aeronauts, not gods now, traverse the liquid ether: Atlas has dwindled into a hill: hardy pioneers have dispossessed the Satyrs their daughters, the Nymphs; Mercury has yielded to the Mail-Coach; Prometheus to Franklin. The stars are no longer deemed deified mortals, but worlds as real as our own. Castalia's fount is used to quench vulgar thirst, and the intoxicating qualities of its waters have been transferred to ardent spirits. Progressing still farther: Peter the hermit's appeal would now be echoed back with laughter, and he prosecuting his unutilitarian scheme would be imprisoned as a vagrant, for Chivalry has died away with the onset shout of its mailed hosts, and the casque lies rusting under the faded oriflamme. Fiction has been bravely appareled, and though its nature be known, yet its very antiquity gives it a value in our eyes: but as Mankind leave behind the childhood of the earliest ages, they desert, rapidly desert childish things. Progress shows at every step the frivolity, the worse than frivolity of that exuberant imagination which filling the mind with unreal existences leaves no room for healthful, utilitarian truth. Each step then is to be taken with joy, if it thus lead from Idealism and Falsity to the Real and True. With Religion for the guide, Science for the light, and growing intellects for increasing and proportionate strength, Man's progress cannot be so rapid if unveiled Truth be the ultimate good.

McROBERT.

## AMBITION, AS A PRINCIPLE.

We are more disposed to approve or condemn a theory or principle from results than from sound reasonings upon the abstract question which either may present. Tried thus, by this almost universal standard, ambition has been condemned and a man of ambition pronounced unworthy of public trust. After Cæsar had elevated Roman character and Roman arms; after the voice of adulation issuing from assembled multitudes had placed his name among the gods, it was the hopeful defence of Brutus for his assassination that *he was ambitious*.

Without intending a justification of the many ills which have been inflicted on the world by the love of power and fame, I may be permitted to insist that the fault does not belong to the principle but to its misdirection and abuse. Ambition is implanted in the human mind by our wise creator, giving energy and strength to spirit in resisting and overcoming the effeminacy which belong to the senses. Its good effects are manifest long before the young possessor reasons correctly upon cause and effect, or calculates the weal or woe consequent upon its direction. The scholar rarely examines why he submits to that self-denying labor and applies himself to that round of studies pointed out by those who have charge of his minority, and yet he moves on under the secret promptings and biddings of ambition. It is the enkindlings of its fires which warms the young heart, and makes toil sweet to win the smile of approbation from parents and friends, from teachers and classmates, irrespective of the mighty results which are hidden in the future. Nor can it be urged as an objection to the principle itself that it opens the eyes and unfolds the wings of the imagination, enrapturing the sensibilities of the heart with the fairy-land of enchanting and enchanted Fancy. Although the prospect be deceptive and he may be destined to witness, "his noon-tide trances" thickly hung "with gorgeous tapestries of pictured joys" all swept away by the flat realities of life, yet the picture allures to energy and to action. It matters but little whether the love of approbation or the fading visions of the imagination urge us to overcome sluggishness in the pursuit of Knowledge, they alike tend to lay the foundation for the loftiest elevation.

It is but the germ of the same principle which prompts the scholar to labour in obtaining the mastery over the mysteries of classic lore, of demonstrating the properties of parabolic curves, of solving problems by the algebraic or fluxionary calculus, which makes him dwell on the ferocious independence of Virginius, admire Brutus with his patriot steel, and pant to imitate the Scipios and Catos of other days. This love of fame and power so early planted, uncontrolled by the high and dignified moral precepts of religion, has written a bloody page in the world's history, which shocks the sensibilities of virtue, and dooms ambition itself to infamy as the mighty moving cause of the world's desolation. Man governed by the aspirations of this passion, dwells with rapture on the toils of the soldier and the achievements of the hero. He gazes with delight on the hard-earned laurels of Cæsar and Cromwell, and the enkindlings of his nature urges him to enter the lists, a competitor for their glory. The *means* necessary to success whether virtuous or vicious are alike indifferent so that the *end* shall be accomplished. Blessed with talents calculated to insure distinction, he is but too soon prepared to sacrifice upon the shrine of his idolatry, every principle, all feelings of affection, all ties of duty. Inspired with the sentiment, "*vita brevis, sed gloriæ cursus, sempiternus*," he rushes forward with the firm resolve to perish in shame, or have his name written like that of Sesostrius on columns of brass. The church of the living God has been prostituted and made the unholy instrument of unhallowed ambition for the accomplishment of its wicked purposes. The temples of Brahma in Cashmere, of Isis in Egypt, of Jupiter in Greece, and of St. Peter's in Rome, have successfully celebrated their imposing mysteries, not in honour of God, of morals, or religion, but in duping man to bow to the supremacy of power. No matter how often we look upon the picture of human ills, from the earliest to the latest epochs of society, we are compelled to witness with loathing the ruthless foot-steps of ambition, and feel constrained to enforce the advice of Wolsey given in the extreme of wretchedness and disappointment :

"I charge thee fling away ambition ;  
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then  
The image of his maker hope to win by't ?"

Every where and in almost every age, we witness in the contest for dominion scenes at which the heart is made to sicken, and at which humanity shudders and recoils. Despotism and bigotry forming alliance, quitting the fortress and the cell, to forge fetters and kindle faggots for all who dared oppose their onward march to universal empire—States stretching forth their iron sceptres, and churches unfurling their proscriptive banners. Princes and Pontiffs united in tearing down the temples of truth and freedom; imperial legions armed by Kings and blessed by infallible priests warring against the rights and happiness of man. But sickening as is the picture, and revolting as are the scenes which it presents, it furnishes proof only how much a valuable heaven-born principle has been abused. The same fires burning in the heart, which urged the tyrant to float through seas of blood to glory and to power, would have illumined and unarmed ignorance and poverty in a thousand varied forms. Let ambition but be baptized in the *pure fount*, and all its lofty energies directed by that “wisdom which cometh from above,” it will be found a worthy gift of God to man. Science with its every branch will hang with ambition’s gilded fruit, and prayers of thanks will flow from lips “wet with Castalian dews.” Newton, illustrious for his virtues, taught philosophy to worship while it scanned the mighty works of God. Milton whose genius soared on “angelic wings,” taught the muse to hymn the praise of *Him* who died on Calvary. Hale immortalized for his discernment, his integrity, his purity of manners and his learning, taught judicial power to bend its knee to the august majesty of Heaven. In erring not as to the great business of life, in understanding well in what true greatness and true happiness consists, lies the foundation upon which ambition rears a temple enduring as eternity. The world afforded a thousand instances of minds fired with this celestial flame that have wandered and gone astray, prostituting their strength and energies in the delusive race for fancied bliss. The groans and wretchedness, which have so often formed the rounds upon which vaulting ambition has climbed to fame, have been wrung from weakness and ignorance in the prosecution of fleeting dreams. Conscience has been hushed to sleep while bloody crimes have been the plausible amuse-



ments of active, aspiring men. Once let the sleeper wake, learn and understand that he was made for eternity, that all mankind are bound in bonds of common brotherhood, that a common Maker supervises all, and his soul becomes enlarged, panting to elevate and bless the whole. To teach the blind to see, to instruct the ignorant of their rights, to provide for the sick, to make glad the hearts of the deaf and dumb, to promote education and peace in the land, are but part of the circumference of that ambition whose energies are felt in the habitations of men. *False, vain-glorious ambition* has made the world a theatre of wonders of cruelty and of blood; but *true ambition* dedicates all its heaving aspirations to the good of man and the service of God. All the heroes of ancient and modern times, the founders of empires and givers of laws, when their motives and ends have been limited to time and earth, have fallen *far, very far* short of the true glory and dignity of man.

*Misguided ambition* presents vast systems of selfishness, fraud, bloodshed and ruin; *well-directed ambition* exhibits schemes for the improvement of the mind and the heart, contemplating man's temporal and man's eternal good. *The one* mouldering with all its sculptured monuments before the knell of time, *the other* rising to higher and brighter scenes when time's funeral shades are past. The spot upon which Tiberius and Lucullus revelled are converted to the use of the dark Dominican and rigid Carmelite for holding their tribunals and raising their shrines. The bower in which Virgil sleeps on the promontory of Pausilippo has long since fallen to decay, the heroes of Thermopylae have been made the slaves of barbarians, and a superstitious monk has governed where Cæsar trembled to assume the insignia of power. Rome the eternal city has long since been deluged by that ocean of blood which barbarians rolled across the Alps, overflowing Helvetia, and Germany, Gaul, Belgium, and Britain. Time and time's things are too low for true ambition's grasp, the world too limited for its towering sweep. The principle is right, its thirst for glory is right, its "longing after immortality" is right, nor should sordid selfish fetters bind its aspirations to the fickle, perishing scenes of earth. Elevate its highest hopes, lengthen out its pennons, give



it stronger wing to soar above the dusty atmosphere of earth to the family and bosom of God. Ambition! abused and desecrated to the tyrant's dirty work, yet fixed in the heart to raise its pantings above a tyrant's throne to a "throne eternal in the heavens." Success in the mighty enterprise for bliss is certain, power is sure, a crown pledged, and the faithfulness of him whose might upholds universal nature is bound for their execution. Ambition, pure, ethereal ambition urges him on from "conquering to conquer," until victory is won, Paradise regained, and

"The glad soul  
Has not a wish uncrowned."

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### THE LAST OF THE TRIBUNES.

No period in the history of the world is more eventful than the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. To this time may be traced the rise of that system of diplomacy, which has since regulated the intercourse of civilized states; then government recovering from the shock of frequent revolutions began to assume a more stable form, and already the secret workings of that spirit of liberty and enlightenment began to be exhibited, which burst forth with such energy at the Reformation to disenthral the human mind. Particularly in Italy, where the continual contests between the Popes and Emperors gave the cities an opportunity of asserting their independence, many republics sprang up, whose constitutions, however defective, breathed a spirit of freedom far different from the crouching servility which at present distinguishes their degenerate successors. During this period lived many men far in advance of their age, who, under more favourable circumstances, would have become reformers. The doctrines of Arnold of Brescia, who held that the spiritual and temporal power should not be vested in the same person, though soon suppressed by persecution had made a deep impression on the popular mind, and strongly tinged the opinions of some of the learned men of the succeeding

century. But while the rest of Italy was advancing beyond the other states of Europe in civilization, Rome once the fountain head of refinement appeared rather to recede than to progress; unblessed by laws, destitute alike of the arts of war or peace, it was tyrannized over by savage banditti, and still more savage barons. These haughty patricians, claiming their descent through fabulous genealogies from the ancient Romans, were in fact the sons of barbarian adventurers from the north, and contaminated with the craft of Italy, rather than imbued with its national affections; they retained the contempt of their foreign ancestors for a conquered soil and degenerate people. The Roman populace, though composed of the dregs of all the mongrel tribes who at different times had forced a settlement on the banks of the Tiber, still vaunted of their imaginary supremacy, and mocked by the forms of departed liberty, they sought by ferocious struggles with their lords to vindicate their ancient rights. Turbulent and insolent, though cowardly, they possessed all the vices of the old Roman plebeians, and with their characteristic fickleness huzzaed one day for liberty, and the next greeted their oppressors with sycophantic applause. The popes, to whose ghostly authority all Europe then submissively bowed, despised in their own city, and often held the prisoners of some petty baron, at length retired in disgust from the unruly patrimony of St. Peter, to the peaceful shades of Avignon. The nobles thus freed from even the semblance of restraint broke out into every species of excess; neither life nor property was safe, the streets were deserted, the shops closed, the highways rendered impassible by hired banditti, headed often by the lawless barons, and Rome became a den of thieves. The hereditary and bloody feuds of the Ursini and Colonna divided the city, and in mutually destroying each other they ruined their common country. In the midst of this universal anarchy arose a commanding spirit, whose lofty genius stilled the storm of passions, brought order out of confusion, and for a short time realized the brightest dreams of the friends of liberty. This extraordinary man was Nicholas Cola de Rienzi, a plebeian of obscure parentage, who, without wealth and without friends, by the power of his eloquence alone, raised himself to the head of a popular government.

After rejecting the title of king, which the vain populace had offered him, he proceeded to reform the abuses of the state, to establish equal laws which should make no distinction between the plebeian and patrician offender, to clear the highways of banditti, to compel the barons to dismantle their castles and submit to the restraints of the law. More than one robber noble expatiated his crimes on the scaffold, and the beneficial effects of the stern justice of the tribune was soon felt in the returning prosperity of the state.

In his youth the soul of Rienzi had by the study of the classics been deeply imbued with the principles of the old republicans, and been accustomed to dwell with rapture upon their self-devoted love of country. Amidst the ruins of the capitol, in the forum where Cicero thundered, he had often sought communion with the spirit of the past; and while reflecting on the present degradation of his country vowed that the eternal city should again be free. True, Brutus-like Rienzi had long concealed his intentions under the mask of a jester, and by frequenting the palaces of the Colonna had lulled all suspicions. But after his elevation to power he showed all the qualities of a great mind. Unlike most raised from the lower ranks he was no leveller, nor did he live in fine spun theories of equalization, forgetting the self evident truth that equality of right necessarily produces inequality of condition; and the nobles deprived of the power to do hurt still enjoyed their property and honours in security. In his brief reign of seven months the fields of the husbandman began again to smile with plenty, the peaceful artisan resumed his long deserted trade; commerce revived, and the historian says a purse of gold might be exposed with safety in the highway. Rome resumed her place among the states of Europe; crowned heads congratulated the plebeian magistrate, and the world again beheld two princes submitting their quarrel to the arbitration of a Roman tribune. But this dream of glory was destined to be short, the barons could ill brook the restraint on their passions, and employed a ruffian to assassinate the tribune; the plot was discovered, the instigators condemned to death, but too generously pardoned by the tribune, who had soon reason to repent his clemency. They fled the city, but soon after most of them fell in the

assault of their countrymen; and while the historian lightly mentions their treason he reproaches the tribune with cruelty, forgetting that the blood of hundreds shed by these lordly oppressors cried aloud for vengeance. This victory was followed by the pope's bull excommunicating the tribune for the crime of proclaiming Rome free, when the superstitious and dastardly people deserted their benefactor, and suffered one hundred and fifty mercenaries to take possession of Rome unresisted.

Rienzi after wandering in exile for seven years, during which time he visited Rome at the jubilee of 1350 in the garb of a pilgrim, was at length released from the dungeons of Avignon, and restored by the pope to his former power with the title of senator. The people who had repented their former folly hailed his return with triumph, his short reign of seven weeks was signalized by the conquest of all his enemies, and the restoration of order. The senator after discovering and punishing the plot of the robber Montreal, seemed about to consummate all his designs, when he was massacred by a ferocious mob for having taxed them to raise money to pay their own soldiers who refused to serve their country otherwise, alledging that they were as worthy of pay as German mercenaries. In estimating the character of Rienzi we should compare the amazing benefits he bestowed on his country with the poverty of his means. His single mind gave life to the government of Rome, for his subordinates were cold, cowardly, and treacherous. Unlike most of the contemporary princes of Italy he raised himself to power without a single crime, and supported his authority without cruelty or injustice to his enemies. To balance these many virtues his adversaries have accused him of foolish ostentation, and a certain insolent arrogance; but we should recollect that the vain and slavish Romans, long accustomed to the gorgeous paraphernalia of despotism, would have despised the simplicity of an ancient tribune's equipage, and reckoned their own dignity lowered by the humble appearance of their representative. The famous summons to the German emperors declaring Rome's ancient right to choose an emperor, though politically unwise, bespoke a greatness of soul which in Rienzi was strengthened by the enthusiastic belief that heaven had destined

him to be the restorer of the glory of the ancient republic. In the second period of his power, when experience and misfortune had cooled the ardour of his enthusiasm, we find him free from his former faults, but the attempt to govern slaves by law or inspire them with the feelings of freemen was too great even for his creative genius. His grand scheme of uniting the free states of Italy in a confederacy of which Rome should be the head, might with a less degenerate race have led to great results. But in this dream of liberty Rienzi perished—another proof that to be great and free a people must not trust to individuals, but themselves, and that there can be no sudden leap from servitude to liberty.

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#### THE STUDENT A SOCIAL BEING.

THE ties which bind individuals to society ought to be considered sacred and indissoluble. Notwithstanding the great *diversity* of mind and character which perhaps necessarily exist among men in civilized life, by a little reflection we will be able to discover a *unity*, consisting in their being members of the same great brotherhood, and debtors to promote the best interests of the race of which they form a part. It is really difficult however for men to be persuaded, or that they should persuade themselves into a belief of this connecting link between themselves and the rest of mankind, or being persuaded that they should conform to those rules of vigorous and benevolent action which the doctrine seems to imply. The tendency to epicureanism is strong and steady, and so far indeed have men been drawn to seek after that which most intimately concerns them, that it appears long ago to have been established as truth, and as such has come down to us, clothed in the garb of authority and demanding respect, that in this world he comes most nearly his duty who most exclusively seeks his own interest. Pleasure and pain being respectively the only objects of his desire and aversion, the modern epicurean may seek his own gratification in any of the almost nameless

sources, from the basest sensualism to the highest mental and moral excellence; and in the great crowd of pleasure's votaries there is, we think, one character deserving of particular regard—the monomaniac in intellectual pursuits. Thanks to heaven the days of schoolmen are over, yet strange as it may seem there are some in our own day, with all its light and knowledge, who very nearly tread in the footsteps, and follow the traditions of these fathers of mediæval antiquity—who are not only comparatively dead to the condition and the wants of the race around them, but to whom, by reason of their undeviating, all-absorbing pursuit of knowledge *for its own sake*, or rather for their own pleasure, that “fair book” which lies open to all, presents nought but a “universal blank”—for whom the open volume of *nature* contains no pleasing or useful lessons. No class of men, who might adorn and so materially benefit society, so entirely forget its claims upon them, and so nearly a non-entity as the one we have mentioned. In view of what they please to call the remediless corruption of human nature they are ready to wish themselves in “some vast wilderness,” where not a single *report* from a reprobate and warring world could pain their ears. “O that the desert were my dwelling place” would be their plaintive language rather than mingle for a moment with such a mass of living death as is presented on every side; and fondly flattering themselves that they after all are the only beings whose course of life is proper and wise, betake them to their studies and their books. But let us view this character in its true light. We would not do injustice to one whose merits we would dispassionately discuss. Between him and the sensualist there is no comparison. It would not be too much to say, that as high as the heavens are above the earth so high are his ways and his thoughts above those of him whose only god is his belly and his lusts. Perhaps after all he deserves our sympathy. Perhaps it is a weakness of which we would all be guilty were we endowed with his intellect and his genius, to imbibe a prejudice against, yea, a kind of contempt for the world. Perhaps we should not wonder that while “inhaling” (as he would call it) “the breath of ancient grandeur and beauty,” while *snuffing* the fragrant breezes of antiquity—he should entirely forget that he was in a world of tangible, ma-

terial existences, in a great society which needs the exertions of its every member to bring it to perfection, in a society, where if a man will not work, and work to some useful purpose, neither shall he eat.

A heathen prince in great prosperity was reminded by an attendant—"Remember you are only a man." So we would go to the laborious and exclusive student, and remind him that he is not the most favored of mortals, that with every allowance for his oblivious attachment to literature, society cannot excuse him that while in the peaceful stillness of the study he is prosecuting victory after victory, and rearing trophies on *his* field of war, he should return anon to the society whose protection he enjoys, and on whose muster his name is enrolled, and lay at her feet his intellectual treasures, share with her that knowledge which by giving doth not impoverish, which by withholding doth not enrich. He flees from society, corrupt and degenerate as he deems it, with disgust and contempt. But is it true that the world is beneath the notice even of his high order of genius? Does it indeed present nothing but a scene of physical, moral, and spiritual death. So much the louder does it call for his assistance. So much the more imperative his duty to lay aside for a season his monastic garb, to go forth into this dreary wilderness, and there rear the brazen serpent that his bitten brethren may look and live, to go forth imbued with the spirit of law and justice, and devout and pious though he be, smite their enemies, or still further to go forth with the words of mercy and salvation on his lips, and apply to a dying world the balm that is in Gilead. It would *not* however be all mere irksome duty that would present itself without. For although greatly marred, its true, yet in the natural world and in his fellow man he would find some "marks of their original brightness." Although at times his ear might be pained and his "soul sick with reports of war and outrage," yet here and there at least he would find a gurgling stream of pleasure, he might at least find an olive-branch to pluck off and bear back to his little ark, as a memorial that in the wide desert of death there was still an oasis. However it may be, let him remember that he is bound to society by ties which he has no *right* to sunder. We can contemplate the ancient sages in no light more interesting than that in which we see them leaving the gardens of the



Academy, and the groves of thoughtful study, buckling on the ponderous cuirass, and at their country's call leading the way in defence of their country's rights. To an ardent devotion to literature and philosophy *they* united a generous and an expansive public feeling. They saw, it may be, that "the majority were wicked" and sunk in degeneracy, but so far from exciting disgust in their minds or prompting them to withdraw from society, it suggested to them the noble ideas of forming creeds and rules of action, which followed out might purify their nature and redeem their race. This we do, we *cannot* but admire. But what, it may be asked, would we thrust the modern student from his library? Would we overturn the thousands of altars on which the fires of secular learning are burning so pure and bright, and mingle the historian and the poet with the coarser spirits of the world? Would we have them like Byron in a foreign land, wielding the sword in defence of a semi-barbarous people under the pretext of enthusiastic benevolence, when with the pen at home he might have remained the pride and ornament of an enlightened land? *No by no means!* When the scholar takes his pen to instruct and make better, or the poet to charm and delight his race, it is all that society can ask. But when in disgust or contempt for its corruption they retire, and turn their thoughts exclusively to the acquisition of knowledge, which, however delightful or honorable in itself, disconnected with manly action, always leaves its possessor a *drone*, then we would go to them in their lurking place, and say as did those who were sent to loose the colt,—“Your lord” (society) “hath need of you.”

The Editors' Table has been unavoidably crowded out.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The “Egyptian Priest” is rejected; we half suspect our author's forte lies in prose: by the way he is a good penciller, we do not mean “*Penciller by the way.*”

We could not swallow “Peter's” nauseous pill: friend! you can never petrify us with astonishment by *calfs-skin* productions.

“Random Thoughts” contain many worthy and well expressed ideas, but are too random for our pages.

We are sorry that our *inquisition* on “Curiosity” compels us to decline it. The author is advised to try again, but do not endeavor to treat a vague subject abstractly.

Let “Unity of Purpose” speak for itself:—“He is but a single mountain from the long chain in history who bear the snow of glory on their summits by seeking one way to the heavens of usefulness.”